AGAINST MARRIAGE:

Directed to that Inconſiderable Animal, called HUSBAND.

Husband! thou Dull unpittied Miſcreant,
Wedded to Noiſe, to Miſery, and Want;
Sold an Eternal Vaſſal for thy Life,
Oblig'd to Cheriſh, and to Heat a Wife:
Drudge on till *Fifty*; at thy Own Expence
Breath out thy Life in one Impertinence;
Repeat thy loath'd Embraces every Night
Prompted to Act, by Duty (not Delight:)
Chriſten thy froward *Bantling* every Year,
And carefully thy Spurious Iſſue Rear:
Go once a Week to ſee the Brat at Nurſe,
And let the Young Impoſtor drein thy Purſe:
Hedg-Sparrow-like, what *Cuckoo's* have begot
Do thou maintain, Incorrigible Sott.
Oh! I could curſe the Pimp that could do leſs,
He's beneath Pitty, and beyond Redreſs:
Pox on him! let him go: what can I ſay?
Anathema's on him are Thrown away;
The wretch is marry'd, & has known the worſt,
And now his Bleſſing is, he can't be Curſt.
Marry'd! O Hell and Furies! Name it not,
Hence, hence you Holy Cheats; a Plot, a Plot.
Marriage is but a Licens'd way to Sin,
A Nooze to catch Religious Wood-cocks in:
Or the Nick-name of ſome Malicious Friend,
Begot in Hell to Proſecute Mankind.
'Tis the Deſtroyer of Our Peace and Health,
Miſpender of our precious Time and Wealth;
The Enemy to Wit, Valour, Mirth, all
That we can Virtuous, Good, or Pleaſant call.
By Day 'tis nothing but an endleſs Noiſe;
By Night the Eccho of Forgotten Joys:
A Road the Sport and Wonder of the Crowd,
Home the hourly breach of what we vow'd:
In it's Opium to our Luſtful Rage,
Which ſleeps a while, and wakes again in Age.
It heaps on all Men much (but uſeleſs) Care,
Forthwith more Trouble, they leſs Happy are;
It checks Youth, ſhortens life, & taints the mind,
Our Sences pauls, and ſtrikes our Reaſon blind.
Ye Gods! that Man by his own Slaviſh Law,
Should on himſelf ſuch Inconvenience draw:
If we would Wiſer Natures Laws Obey.
Thoſe chalk him out a far more pleaſant way,
She bids freely Look, Like, and Enjoy.
Therefore when luſty Youth & Wine conſpire
To Flame the Blood unto a Generous Fire;
We muſt not think the Gallant will Indure
The Durient Raging of his Calenture:
Nor always in his ſingle Pleaſures Burn, (turn:
Tho' Natures Hand-maid ſometime ſerves the
No, he muſt have a ſprightly youthful Wench,
In equal floods of Love, his flame to quench;
One that will hold him in her Claſping Arm,
And in that Circle all his Spirits Charm;
That with New Motion, and unpractis'd Art,
Can raiſe his Soul, & then inſnare his Heart.
Hence ſprings the Noble, Fortunate, and Great,
Always Begot in Paſſion, and in Heat:
But the Dull Off-ſpring of the Marriage-Bed,
What is it? but a Humane ſhape in Lead:
A Sloathful Lump Ingender'd of all Ills,
Begot like *D*---againſt the Parents Wills.
If it be Cukoldiz'd, it's Doubly Spoil'd,
The Mothers Fear's Intail'd upon the Child.
Thus whether Illegitimate, or Not,
Cowards and Fools in Wedlock are Begot:
Let no Enobled Soul himſelf Debaſe,
By Lawful Ways to Daſterdize his Race;
But if he muſt Pay Natures Debt in Kind,
To check the growing Danger, let him find
Some willing Female out; What tho' ſhe be
The very Scum and Dregs of Infamy:
Tho' ſhe be Linſey-Woolſey, *B*aud & Whore,
Cloſe-ſtool to *Venus*, Natures Common-ſhore,
Impudence, Folly, *B*randy, and Diſeaſe,
The *Sundays* Crack for *Suburb*-Prentices;
What then? ſhe's better then a Wife by half,
And if thou'rt ſtill Unmarry'd, thou art ſafe.
with whores thou can'ſt but venture, what is loſt
May be Redeem'd again with Care and Coſt;
*B*ut a Damn'd Wife, Inevitable Fate,
Deſtroys, Soul, *B*ody, Credit, and Eſtate.

FINIS.